This picture was taken in front of the first schoolhouse in Loris about 1908. It stood at the corner of Main Street and the Daisy road where the Wolpert home now stands. The building was one large room divided by a curtain. Will A. Prince taught the upper grades and Addie Vaught the lower grades. IRQ is indebted to Roy Hardee, Sr. (7th from left in front row) for lending this picture. (Just behind him are Alston Hickman Prince, Blanche Hardee Holt and Ruth Graham Hughes, all still living. Seventh from left in standing row is Lillie Harrelson, who recently died. IRQ would appreciate help in identifying the other students.)
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Dues: $5.00 annually for individuals; $7.50 for married couples and $3.00 for students. One subscription to the Quarterly is free with each membership. If a couple desires two copies, the dues are $10.00. Checks may be sent to F. A. Green, 402 43d Avenue North, Myrtle Beach SC 29577.

Back issues may be obtained for $2.00 each (plus 50¢ postage and handling each) from Miss Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Ave., Conway SC 29526, as long as they are in print. Copies of the 1880 Census of Horry County, S. C., may be obtained from Miss Little or from the Horry County Memorial Library, 1008 5th Ave., Conway SC 29526. The price is $5.00 (plus $1.00 postage and handling, if mailed).

Materials for publication in the IRQ are welcomed and may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 Fifth Ave., Conway SC 29526.

Society members who want to get started on researching their forebears may wish to borrow a new audiocassette entitled "Beginning Your Search" from the main library, Horry County Memorial Library, Conway.
THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members,

The spring tour is now a part of our history but I think that everyone had an enjoyable time and one that will be remembered for awhile to come. I would like to thank Mrs. Althea Heniford, Mrs. Catherine Lewis, and Mrs. Mary Emily Platt Jackson for getting together a very interesting and informative program. Also a very special thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Doug Bailey for allowing us to meet at their home and to all of the people in the Loris and Green Sea area who took part in the program.

Everything seems to be running smoothly with the society and the year is fleeting past. It doesn't seem possible but the nominating committee will be meeting soon to select the officers for next year.

We would still like to see more contributions from the membership though, so if you have a family history, cemetery catalog, or just an article please submit it so that we can get into the quarterly.

The summer membership meeting is the next event to look forward to and it is just around the corner, it looks as if Mary Emily Jackson has a very interesting program set up for us so I will be looking forward to seeing all of you there.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

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Loris and two nearby districts voted in 1908 to build a high school. This was the second school in the town. Picture supplied by Annie Lee S. Bailey.

LORIS: A BRIEF HISTORY
by Catherine H. Lewis

The upper reaches of Horry County were settled mostly by second and third generation Scots immigrants who arrived after a sojourn in North Carolina. Because there was no natural or geographical boundary between the provinces (later states) people moved back and forth without hindrance.

Among the earliest names were Boyd, Patterson, Cox, Prince, and Todd, among others. The Mills' Atlas map drawn by Harllee in 1820 shows almost no settlement between Buck Creek and Lake Swamp, but does show a road leading to Todd's Ferry on the Waccamaw River.

On July 4, 1881, a man named J. W. Ogilvie arrived in Horry County. More than a quarter of a century later, in 1909, he wrote a series of articles describing his impressions of his new home county. Of this vicinity he said:

Loris was unknown. The site of that coming city was but a worn out corn field that would not have brought at forced sale more than 25 cents an acre.

The livelihood of the people depended on what they could grow themselves and on the woods from which came timber and turpentine. In the 1870's the prosperous Chadbourn family of Wilmington operated saw mills just over the line in North Carolina and constructed rail lines to facilitate getting timber to the mills.

It is said that the owner of the "worn out corn field", James Gould Patterson, offered a site if the railroad would allow a siding or depot on his property. When the rails reached this point, the lumber camp was named Loris. The tales of the origin of the name—i.e., after a dog or a novel—both can be traced to the Chadbourn family for authenticity, so there is no weight to be given on that score to either version. The date was about 1886 because the railroad to Conway was completed in December 1887. The Chadbourns had entered into an agreement with Green Sea, Simpson Creek, Bayboro and Conwayborough Townships to match dollar for dollar a bond issue for the construction of a rail line from the state line to Conwayborough.
By 1890 the community at the intersection of Todd's Ferry Road and the Wilmington, Chadbourn and Conway Railroad had grown to four stores operated by Y. P. McQueen, Patterson & Toon, B. R. King and Boss Holt. It was incorporated with a one mile radius in 1903. D. J. Butler was the first interdictant (mayor) and the first councilmen or wardens were D. O. Boyd, J. C. Bryant and H. H. Burroughs.

There were little settlements in every direction around Loris which grew up about mills, gins, or stills. Generally there would be a small general merchandise store which was frequently a commissary supplied by one of the larger turpentine distillers. Daisy, Bayboro, Green Sea were among those which held as much promise as Loris in early days. Bayboro, which was on the railroad at that time, had five stores in 1899; Gurley, also on the railroad, had four stores, two turpentine stills, two churches and a schoolhouse in 1900. In 1901 Daisy had three stores, a post office, a cotton gin, grits and saw mill. Its newspaper correspondent bragged it had tri-weekly mail and telephone lines.

As early as 1900 there was a Loris High School, the first principal being Hugh R. Todd, who later became the president of Draughan's Business Schools located in Columbia and elsewhere. School opened in July! In 1908 Loris and two nearby school districts voted to build a high school by a margin of 3-1.

Meantime tobacco began to replace turpentine as a source of income. The first money for a warehouse was raised by subscription in 1902 and the contract was let in February, 1903. The market sold nearly 1½ million pounds in 1908.

1st Warehouse Built in 1903

LORIS

The first tobacco warehouse built in Loris, was in 1903 in the name of the "Loris Tobacco Warehouse company, Inc." with J. C. Bryant, president, F. C. Prince, vice president and Dan W. Hardwick secretary and treasurer.

The stockholders were J. C. Bryant, Doc. D. Harrelson, Y. P. McQueen, P. C. Prince, D. A. Spivey, Jim King, Den W. Hardwick, N. E. Hardwick, Sims Harrelson, and probably others.

It was operated the first year by John T. Edwards and Walter Tyree of Lynchburg, Va. About 1,000,000 pounds were sold at an average of less than 6 cents per pound.

A few years later E. H. Hardwick was induced by Doc D. Harrelson to come to Loris and run the warehouse, afterwards Mr. Casey bought out all the stockholders and ran it in the name of Casey's Warehouse. He was a successful tobacco concern. Several years later, he sold out to Wilson and Wright, of Danville, Va. and a few years later the first tobacco warehouse built in Loris, and the second in Horry county was destroyed by fire.

The tobacco market was financed the first year it was operated by J. C. Bryant, there being no bank here. Then Mr. Bryant got money from D. A. Spivey, cashier of the bank of Conway, had it deposited on the afternoon train and all checks were cashed by Doc D. Harrelson in a small office in the retail store of Mr. Bryant on the north side of West Patterson street.

About 1906, the second warehouse was started by the J. C. Bryant company Inc., a local supply company composed of J. C. Bryant, N. E. Hardwick, and Dan W. Hardwick, in the name of the Standard Warehouse company. When the foundation was laid and work started on the building it was sold out to a group headed by Thomas E. Cooper and was run the first year by D. W. McDuffie, now living in Columbia.

A few years later, this warehouse was sold to B. P. Franklin and J. M. Wright, of Danville, and operated for several years by them. Later they sold stock in this warehouse to farmers in this section and after being run several years it was destroyed by fire.

The third warehouse was built by a group of local citizens headed by D. K. McKee and was known as the Brick warehouse. This warehouse was operated a few years and sold out to the Tri-State Cooperative group.

When the Co-ops failed, the warehouse was sold to Mr. Walden and his two sons, King and George, and was operated by them several years. Then a concern stored sweet potatoes in the house and cured them with a set of tobacco curers.

In some way too much oil leaked out on the concrete floor; it ignited in some unknown way and this house also was destroyed by fire.

The fourth house built for the Loris market was built by a group of about 100 farmers headed by W. L. Sanderson and D. W. Ross and was known as the Farmers Warehouse. This house seemed to prosper the first year, but the second year it ran into financial trouble and was sold to the Farmers Bank which later sold it to the Co-ops. After they failed, it was sold at auction and Clifford Hardwick bought it and operated it several years and sold it to C. P. Brewer, J. Paul Bishop and Harry Eddleman.

They operated it for two years and sold out to Lloyd B. Bell and Roscoe Bell and it is now owned and operated by them in the name of the Farmers warehouse.

The fifth house to be built was in the year that the Co-ops were buying warehouses. This house was built by Clifford Hardwick and was operated by him in the name of the Loris Warehouse. If he had not built this house, Loris would have been equal to the banks on the Co-ops and we might have lost our auction market as several other markets did.

This warehouse was operated several years by Mr. Hardwick successfully, but in June, 1947, apparently without any cause this house went up in flames in the dead hours of the night with only $10,000 insurance, the loss was $50,000 or more to the owner.

The sixth house to be built was in the days when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in his glory with the new deal this house was named The New Deal Tobacco Warehouse and was built by Clifford Hardwick and operated by him and Mr. Mitchell and George C. Butler for a year or two. It was sold by him to Harry C. Lewis. This house is on the land on which the first warehouse was built, the Casey Warehouse.

The seventh house to be built is known as the Brick warehouse, and is located where the first brick warehouse was built. It covered a whole block from the ACL railroad to First street and is owned by Clifford Hardwick and King Warehouse.

The eighth and ninth warehouses were built by H. C. Lewis and Lloyd B. Bell on the west side of First street.
In 1907 the Bank of Loris was established. It occupied the first brick building in town and was located at the main intersection. Founded by Thos. Cooper of Mullins, its local officers were J. C. Bryant, E. L. Sanderson, W. A. Johnson, J. C. Prince, D. W. Hardwick and J. D. Graham.

In 1901 the Conway Telephone Company installed a complete telephone system in Loris, connecting it to Conway and the outside world.

In 1911, 1912 and 1915 there were disastrous fires and the older wooden buildings of the town were replaced by new brick structures.

In 1912 Dr. Huger Richardson arrived to practise medicine. Earlier doctors were Dr. Sam Mace (~1895-1901), Dr. Charles Rhett Taber (1902— ) and Dr. H. T. Kirby (about 1908). Dr. J. D. Thomas arrived in 1915.

Loris was beginning to "feel its oats". By 1915 it had a board of trade actively promoting its interests. In the Horry Herald of August 19, 1915, there is a full page of Loris advertisements. Among those contributing to this promotional event were Dr. J. D. Thomas, Dr. Huger Richardson, A. W. Hodges & Son stables, C. M. Reaves, J. E. Prince, G. T. Ikner, Prince Hotel, Peoples Store (David Scheer), Gate City Cash Store, Loris Graded and High School, C. D. Harrelson & Co., D. N. Holt, J. C. Bryant Co., Inc. (established 1884), Cannon-Hickman Co., S. M. McNabb, W. J. Hughes, Geo. C. Butler, J. T. Alford (blacksmith), Canady the Barber, Loris Warehouse (P. R. Casey), Bank of Loris, Loris Drug Company, O. C. Cox, Standard Warehouse (Franklin & Wright), Loris Hardware and Furniture Company, S. O. Jenrett, Brunson Company, Barnes & Brunson (including a soda fountain) and the Loris Baptist and Methodist churches. The town officers were listed as Y. P. McQueen, Intendant, O. E. Todd, Clerk, W. A. Prince, post master, J. E. Prince, trial justice, A. F. Cannon, railroad agent and telegraph operator.

The first World War was upon us. On May 25, 1917, the first registration in Loris netted 93 young white men, 16 Negroes and one alien. Out of 2,319 Horry County registrants this was the only alien. Who was he? Tobacco growers gave some of their crop to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. In September there was a War Savings Stamp rally in Loris which drew a crowd estimated at 2,000. Patriotic fervor was in evidence everywhere.

The Armistice saw equally fervant celebration. W. A. Prince, writing in the Horry Herald of Nov. 14, 1918, described the scene in Loris:

Quite a number of the citizens, the teachers of the Loris High School and about one hundred school children celebrated peace and the signing of the Armistic here on last Monday night. There was a general street parade. Church bells were rung, guns were fired, and every boy had his horn, trumpet, bugle, or some old tin pan. Cow bells were swung on long poles and carried through the streets by the boys. The Kaiser was put into an oil barrel with a pound of powder and was blown high into the air. Parts of the barrel came back, but the Kaiser decided not to return this way.

The Farmers Bank opened June 2, 1919. It was founded by Dan W. Hardwick, Chas. D. Prince, A. J. Mishoe and O. E. Hickman.

Loris has always had an active political life. The early years of this century were dominated by men like Doc D. Harrelson, W. A. Prince and M. M. Stanley. On occasion enthusiasm has led to blows. One such incident in 1912 led to the resignation of the mayor, but his popularity was such that he was reelected the next year.

In the twenties and thirties Loris continued slow growth. It became the center of a movement to secede from Horry County and to establish a new political division with Loris as the county seat. A resounding defeat at the polls laid the movement to rest, but not the local resentment of the "Conway crowd". One evidence of this was when the bridge over the Waccamaw at the foot of Main Street in Conway was dedicated, the Loris school children were conspicuous by their absence from the parade of schools.

Among the political office holders from this area were Cornelius J. Prince, Doc David Harrelson, John Pickens Derham, Monroe Manoah Stanley, William Armagy Prince, John Robert Carter, Edgar McGougan Derham, Walter Porter Gore, Clifford Hugh Hardwick, Forrest
Brooks Whittington, Lloyd Berkley Bell, John Robert Carter, Jr., Winston Wallace Vaught, John Wilson Jenrette, Jr., James Paul Blanton, Charles Edward Hodges, James P. Stevens and Montgomery J. Bullock--among others. In 1945-46 the entire House Delegation was from this area.

In the mid-thirties the mayor of Loris, Jennings W. Hardwick, bragged that 50% of South Carolina's tobacco crop was grown in a 25 mile radius of his town. Its four warehouses sold six million pounds a year. Strawberries, beans, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, lettuce and poultry were being grown for northern markets. He was making a pitch for manufacturing plants also and named good labor, an up-to-date water system, good hunting and State Highway #9 as inducements. Jennings, whom my father called affectionately "Old Thing", was a charter member of the Loris Booster Club (paid membership 100).

The modern gymnasium completed with federal assistance in 1936 was dedicated to M. J. Bullock, who had served as county superintendent of education and from 1921 until his death was superintendent here. He and Mrs. Bullock made a formidable team and the Loris school system flourished. Its basketball teams were acclaimed statewide and its scholars won academic recognition through competitive state tests.

In 1940 young men began to sign up for the draft again and in 1941 World War II was upon us. There were air wardens and aircraft spotters, ration books and shortages, rumors of spies, and lots of people who went to Wilmington and Charleston to work in defense related plants, particularly the shipyards.

And then the war was over and people began to turn their energies to peacetime pursuits. The town which had been so small, so remote, so self-contained, was gone forever. With modern transportation, modern communication, more education, and a growing population diverse in its makeup, its interests, and its ways of earning a living, Loris can never again be the little town of my childhood. It is now irrevocably a part of the mainstream.

(Note: This brief history was given during the program at the HCHS spring tour, April 24, 1982)

This dwelling is known as "the Patterson house". It was originally located about 300 feet SW of its present location on Bailey St., Loris, just behind the D. B. Bailey residence. It came into the family of Rev. Henry Singleton about 1910 and Annie Lee Singleton Bailey was born in it. There were porches front, side and back. Two small rooms either end of the front porch have been removed. There are five rooms and two fireplaces. It is thought to be just about 100 years old.
JAMES C. BRYANT FAMILY BIBLE

This Bible is presently in possession of Mrs. Thomas Stanley, 5611 Main Street, Loris, S. C. 29526. It was copied 23 May 1982 by Catherine H. Lewis.

Marriages


Mandy M. Bryant and John A. McDermott, 31 Aug 1887.

Francis E. Bryant & J. Q. Graham, 13 Feb 1890.

Eva Mae Bryant and Dan W. Hardwick, 5 May 1909.

Nancy A. Bryant and A. F. Cannon, 27 June 1907.

Deaths

Mandy M. McDermott 11 Sept 1889
Johnnie A. McDermott 29 Nov 1889
C. Maud McDermott 12 Sept 1894 aged 6 years 39 mo & 4 days
Jennie E. McGougan 9 July 1901
Nancy S. Bryant, wife of James C. Bryant 13 May 1914 in her 70th year
James C. Bryant 12 May 1916 in his 74th yr.
Eva Mae Bryant Hardwick 23 Aug 1946 in her 70 yr.

Births

Mandy M. Bryant 17 Oct 1867
Simkons D. Bryant 2 May 1869
Francis E. Bryant 20 Jany 1871
James A. Bryant 27 Jany 1873
Waren C. Bryant 8 Feby 1875
Eva Mae Bryant 19 Jany 1877
Jennie E. Bryant 27 June 1879
Nancy A. Bryant 22 Feb 1881
James C. Bryant 8 Mar 1843
James B. McGougan 2 May 1901
Dan W. Hardwick, Civic Builder, Dies At Age 82

Loris paid its final tribute Monday to Daniel Webster Hardwick, a man who for more than 70 years gave of his time, talents and energy to make Loris a better community in which to live.

Mr. Hardwick died Saturday at 6 p.m. at Loris Community Hospital after several months of declining health. He was 82.

Funeral services were held at 11 a.m. Monday from the Loris Methodist church by the Rev. Dan H. Montgomery, pastor, and the Rev. B. C. Gleaton, former pastor. Burial was in Patterson cemetery with Masonic rites by Green Sea Lodge No. 205, AFM.

Stores closed during the hour of the service and many friends wishing to pay tribute to Mr. Hardwick did so by making contributions to a special fund of the Loris Methodist Church.

Palbearers were Albert Todd, H. C. Lewis, Douglas B. Bailey, Dwight M. Stanley, J. H. Yon, B. K. Stabler, D. M. Blanton and A. A. Sawyer.

Survivors include a son, Dan W. Hardwick, Jr., of Loris; a grandson, Nathan E. Hardwick III, of Columbia; two granddaughters, Mrs. James H. (Buddy) Yon, Jr., of Charlotte, N. C.; and Miss Susan Hardwick, of Loris; a daughter-in-law, Mrs. T. W. Stanley, of Loris, with whom he made his home; two brothers, Jennings W. Hardwick and C. H. Hardwick, both of Loris; and three sisters, Mrs. Florence Gore, Mrs. Mary H. Cox and Mrs. Ruth H. Rhodes, all of Loris. Another son, Nathan E. Hardwick II, died in 1946.

Mr. Hardwick was born Oct. 14, 1881 on a farm two miles east of Loris at Hickman’s Crossroads (now known as Hardwick’s Crossroads), a son of the late Nathan Everett Hardwick and the late Caroline Rebecca Reaves Hardwick.

As a very young man he became interested in the fertilizer business and in 1957 was recognized as the oldest fertilizer dealer in the nation.

He first worked for the J. C. Bryant Co., which operated a general store at Green Sea. Later he attended Draughon Business College at Savannah, Ga., and after working at Whiteville and Cerro Gordo, N. C. returned to Loris, where he married Miss Eva Mae Bryant, daughter of J. C. Bryant, who died in 1946.

Later the J. C. Bryant Co. was dissolved and from it sprang the Hardwick Fertilizer Co. and, a number of years later, the Peoples Hardware Co., operated by his brother, Jennings W. Hardwick.

Mr. Hardwick remembers well when the “Iron Horse” first came to Loris and the railroad reached the town in 1896.

His role in the growth of Loris was a broad one. He helped build the first tobacco market, he encouraged the growth of produce in the town’s early days, he helped organize the first two banks and served as an officer of each, he served as assistant postmaster and served two terms on Town Council and served on the Horry County Board of County Commissioners prior to 1920; he also served on the first County Tobacco Board in the mid 30’s and served for 40 years as a school trustee.

Mr. Hardwick was a member of the Lions club and of Green Sea Lodge No. 205, AFM; which he served for a number of years as secretary; and was a member of the Loris Methodist church. He was also a member of the Knights of Honor, a secret insurance society, and a member of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics.

Nathan and Caroline Rebecca Reaves Hardwick, parents of Daniel Webster Hardwick. Mr. Hardwick was postmaster at Hickman’s Crossroads (now Hardwick’s Crossroads) before Loris was a town. The railroad was supposed to go by his place, but was routed by Patterson’s cornfield instead.

Loris Sentinel, Dec. 4, 1963, page 1
Top row, left to right: Marsden Butler and his wife; John Long and his wife, Lydia Ella Butler Long; George Calhoun Butler.
Left: J. Pink Butler, his wife, Georgiana and seven of their twelve children.
Bottom: General merchandise store built and operated by D. J. Butler in Loris about 1910 was located on Railroad Ave. opposite the old depot. (r.) George Calhoun Butler owned this store at Farmer, S. C., which dealt in general merchandise, naval stores and country produce and served as a post office.
Photos supplied by Annie Lee Singleton Bailey, granddaughter of G. C. Butler.
The following three family records are in Bibles in the possession of Mrs. Era Lake Harrelson (Mrs. J. N.) Royals, Rt. 4, Loris, SC 29569. Telephone 357-4366. They were copied in Spring 1982 by Mildred (Mrs. Berkley) Gerald.

The Family Record of William Todd

William Todd was born the 14 July 1775
Ann Stephens was born 18 March 1775
William Todd and Ann Stephen were married 22 Sept 1798
Jane the daughter of William and Ann Todd was born May the 28 1800 at about 10 oclock am
Thomas Livingston Todd the son of William and Ann Todd was born the 25 of Oct 1802 at 7 oclock AM
William Todd son of William and Ann Todd was born Aug 17, 1804
Chestnut Todd son of William and Ann Todd was born the 10 of Jan 1807
Ann Elizabeth daughter of William and Ann Todd was born the 9 of Feb 1810
Mary Ann the daughter of William and Ann Todd was born the 1st of Dec 1812 early in the AM
Joseph Jackson son of William and Ann Todd was born the 4th of October 1816

The Family Record of Joseph J. Todd

Joseph J. Todd was born Oct 4, 1816
Mary Elizore Hardee was born Oct 12 1820
Joseph J. Todd and Mary Elizure was married Nov 29 1838
Thadieus Sabiskie Todd son of Joseph and Mary Elizuer Todd was born 5 Feb 1840
Isaac Harrison Todd son of Joseph J. and Mary Todd was born June 14 1842
Julius Jasper Todd son of Joseph J. and Mary Todd was born Feb 12 1844
Joseph Jackson Todd son of Mary and Joseph Todd was born Sept 14 1845
Nancy Lucretia Todd daughter of Joseph J. and Mary Elizure Todd was born June 3 1847
William Lafayette Todd son of J. J. Todd and Mary Lizure his wife was born Feb 15 1849
Mary Jane Todd daughter of J. J. Todd and his wife was born July 17 1851
Maranza Ann Lenora Todd daughter of J. J. Todd and his wife Maranza Ann was born Oct 22 1875
Sinca Frank Todd was born April 18 1878 son of J. J. Todd and his wife M. A.
Joseph J. Todd died Feb 25 1901 age 84 years 5 mo 21 days
William J. Todd died Sept 22 1840 age 42 years 1 mo 5 days
Jane Milligan died Aug 29 1853 age 53 years 3 mo 1 day
Captain William Todd died Aug 30 1858 age 83 years 1 mo 16 days
Ann Todd died Sept 7 1859 age 84 5 mo 20 days
Thomas L. Todd died Sept 1 1887 age 84 11 mo
Maranza Ann died June 10 1888 age 46 years 5 mo 27 days

William R. Royals was born March 28, 1835
Nancy L. Todd was born June 3, 1847
Children:
Mary E. Royals was born Sept 22, 1870 died March 12, 1897
Ellen F. Royals was born April 6, 1875
Nolan L. Royals was born Sept 13, 1874 died June 7, 1897
John D. Royals was born Feb 20, 1877
Gussie A. Royals was born March 29, 1881
Temperance A. Royals was born Jan. 29, 1883
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William R. Royals was born Feb. 1 1885  died Nov. 16, 1886
Joseph R. Royals was born July 17, 188-  died Oct. 7, 1890
Helen L. Royals was born Nov. 21, 1889  died Nov. 16, 1886

Mrs. J. N. Royals supplied the following information:

Mary E. Royals married Coad Allsbrooks
Ellen F. Royals married Sam Vereen
John D. Royals married Frostie Ann Vereen
Gussie A. Royals married W. D. Cox
Temperance A. Royals married Fenley Holmes
Helen L. Royals married Cleaveland Cox

+++

SPRING TOUR OF THE LORIS-GREEN SEA AREA
by
Annette Reesor

The April 24 meeting of the Society was a tour of the Loris-Green Sea area. Members met at noon in the recreation building on the grounds of the Douglas B. Bailey home. After a picnic dinner Mrs. Bailey told about the building and its contents. It was once used as a meeting place for Boy Scouts, then enlarged and decorated to its present attractiveness. Among the memorabilia on display are an old gasoline pump, a merry-go-round horse, old pictures, calendars and glassware. There are farm tools that have long since been replaced by modern machinery, an old typewriter, and other interesting objects.

Near the building is a typical old, weathered Horry farm house, its windowpanes have been in use since about the turn of the century.

President Carlisle Dawsey conducted a brief business session, the highlight of which was Bill Long's report on the Society's having received an "Outstanding Achievement Award" from the Confederation of South Carolina Local Historical Societies.

A brief preview of the tour followed. Mrs. Rebecca Page showed a painting of the original Green Sea Baptist Church. In her own inimitable way she described a childhood accident in which she had lost a toe. Since it was buried in the churchyard she planned that when her time comes, she will be buried there, too.

The motorcade went to the guest house at the home of Jean and Ted Dozier, a building that served for years as the railroad depot in Tabor City and was moved to Fox Bay Road. The interior has been tastefully remodeled into a comfortable home, the exterior, however, retains the aura of a railroad depot, even to the length of track and cross-ties nearby.

A welcoming committee at the Green Sea Baptist Church wore costumes reminiscent of the early nineteenth century. The handsome modern building that replaced the old one is shaded by ancient oaks. The interior of the building is restful and conducive to religious meditation.

Last stop on the tour was the Fulton Floyd home. Friends often admired the lovely body of water on the Floyd's premises, than asked, "Is that a pond or a lake?" So Mr. and Mrs. Floyd decided on the unique name, Ponderlake.

Among the artifacts on display at Ponderlake are a large collection of restored antique automobiles, interesting old clothing, and a large assortment of carefully restored old dolls. The Fulton Floyd display is probably the most complete of its kind outside of a museum.

The Society's Spring 1982 tour was planned by Mrs. Althea Heniford, and it to this inspired lady that the touring Horryites owe their gratitude for the opportunity of seeing and understanding a large segment of the county's past.
November 5-8, 1981, will mark the official celebration of the 100th birthday of First Baptist Church. Much time and effort has already gone into preparations for this event. Throughout the year we have been having various events which have focused attention on the many and varied ministries of our church.

During the last three months of 1981 we want to use the back of our bulletin for special purposes: to share with you in 12 installments the multifaceted development of our church from its founding in 1881. Mrs. Herman Gore has been the Church Historian since the office was originated in the 1930's and has kept a faithful record of church events during each year. Along with the Pastor she has gone back through her records and pictures to compile the material presented here. For her faithfulness we are ever indebted.

The story we wish to share with you is about people—God's people who call themselves members of First Baptist Church. The story began in a manger of Bethlehem. It continued to a stark hill outside Jerusalem called Calvary, but the crowning event took place beside an open tomb three days later. This story of salvation concerned God's Son, Jesus, our Savior. It came to Horry County through centuries of transmission from one generation to another.

In 1881 a group of Christians sensed a need to come together regularly for worship and constituted as the First Baptist Church. During the Century from its founding the walls of this church have housed people, many of them our own ancestors. These people and their sacrifices and ministry have been the reason for any successes or failures. When we have been obedient to Christ and his command to "Go and Tell the Good News," our fellowship has been blessed with growth and progress.

This brief history is dedicated to those people, but more importantly, to the glory of God. That is why we are here: so that all we do might honor Him who is our God. We are providing a cover in which the installments of this story may be kept. It is hoped the story will warm the hearts of those whose ancestors took part in the great adventure. It is also hoped that we will recognize the significance of the place each member assumes today: if we do not do our part, the story of this church will end before the century is out. We trust that in the year 2081 our children and their children will be able to say, "Our parents did their best to make sure the Gospel was shared to every man, woman, and child of Loris."

Helen Keller once said, "Life is either a daring adventure or it is nothing!" We believe this is true and we trust you will find your place among those who dare to be a part of what will one day become history for our descendents.
In 1937 a special new event for children was started. It was called "Daily Vacation Bible School." The three churches in Loris (Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian) joined together for the first school. There were 155 enrolled of which 89 were from the Baptist church. The group gathered outside the church for a picture on the front lawn.

Since 1937 Vacation Bible School has grown in all the churches. Today the Baptist Church has such a large group (115 enrolled in 1981) that it is held separately. Many children from the other churches join our group each year. Meanwhile, the Methodist and Presbyterian churches hold a joint school later in the summer to which many Baptist children joyfully go!

Each year when Bible School meets, the Bible is the primary source of study. Activities and projects relate to the Bible story for the day or the unit for the week. In a week of Bible School children are exposed to more hours of study than in half a year of Sunday School attendance. This organization and activity is considered an extension of the Sunday School.

1937 Vacation Bible School

VBS Group Picture - 1947
237 Enrolled Made It The Largest VBS Yet Recorded.
In 1934 three classrooms were added to each side of the church. This gave a total of nine classrooms—a much-welcomed fact! The interior of the church had been finished with beaded ceiling. Sheet rock was used to replace this. New pews and pulpit furniture were installed.

Believe it or not, this building and some of the furnishings are still with us. The building was moved in 1952 and remodeled to become apartments located on the corner of Spring and Sunset Streets. It is pictured below. Also pictured below are the pulpit and communion table which are now used in the Junior High Sunday School Department on the third floor.

Sunday School At First Baptist

Baptists have always believed the Word of God is our best guide for faith and practice. The regular study of God’s Word was started in 1895 and called a “Sunday School.” All classes met in sections of the auditorium until rooms could be constructed in 1923.

Through the years some of God’s choicest servants have served as Teachers and Directors. Several outstanding Directors are pictured below:

Each year the Superintendent (now called Director) was nominated and elected by the church. Each class nominated and elected its Teacher as well. Being selected as the Director or Teacher was considered a high honor by those who held the position.

Through the years many changes have happened. After establishing large Men’s and Ladies’ Bible Classes our Denomination recommended the value of smaller age-graded units. In the early 50’s, we followed their recommendation and made classes in smaller divisions for Bed Babies through Adults.

In the 1950’s, we experienced the largest average attendances in Sunday School thus far. Mr. Boyd was the Superintendent, and it was common to exceed 300 within the walls of the church. Part of this success is attributable to the post-War baby boom. However, the real success came because a multitude of dedicated workers loved God’s Word passionately and wished to share it with everyone possible.
In the late 1940's the church had grown in size until the old Sanctuary and classrooms were totally inadequate. A men's Sunday School class (the Upstreamers) was even using the American Legion Building almost ½ mile down the road for its meetings.

With an eye to the future and a great deal of apprehension the congregation began considering the possibility of a new building. Two outstanding businessmen were selected to assume places of leadership in the program: Eldred E. Prince, owner of Prince Chevrolet, and J. Rob Suggs, owner of Suggs Motors & Pontiac. They had built strong businesses in the wake of World War II and had many financial holdings and knowledge in this area.

Along with many members of the church who served in various capacities a new concrete-and-brick sanctuary with three floors of usable education rooms was built. The basement served a dual role as a Fellowship Hall and the attic served for storage before later being turned into educational space. The total cost of the building and equipment was $57,077.06. You may laugh at the figure of $6 tacked onto the $57,000, but this is symbolic of the meticulous accounting and scrutiny given every penny which was spent. The congregation moved into its new house of worship in December of 1953 with great jubilation!

The duties of the Building Committee were not completed until many final touches were added to finish the educational space. Committee members (Deck Hardee, D.O. Heniford, S.F. Horton, E.E. Prince, and Rob Suggs) stayed with their task for some months yet. When all the finished work on the educational wing was completed the total cost had been $109,000 + which had to be repaid over the next few years.

Each year a Fall campaign was undertaken to reduce the church debt. As everyone pitched in with gratitude to God, the debt was steadily reduced. The great day of celebration for retiring the debt came on September 29, 1957. As the congregation gathered, they viewed the scene pictured above as the mortgage was burned and the facility dedicated for worship.

In the meantime another great need became apparent. The old wood-frame parsonage had lived out its usefulness and was in bad need of replacement. A committee was appointed composed of Harvey Graham (Chairman), R.P. Hardee, and Dr. Guy Day. The congregation pulled together, and the result was a new brick veneer home with 10 rooms. It was completed in the spring of 1958 and occupied the same site as the old house.
MUSIC MINISTRY

Music has always played an important part in the life of First Baptist. Can you imagine a worship service without the choir singing special music? From the early days those who enjoyed singing gathered to offer their talents to God. Prior to June 1964, leadership of the choirs and music was entirely on a voluntary basis.

Pictured above is Mrs. C. D. Prince who led the music faithfully for 40-odd years. Mrs. Prince and Roy Hardee, Sr. gave a Hammond electric organ. In 1979 Estelle Graham gave the present organ, Allen Digital Computer model 203-B, in memory of her husband, Horace. It contains the latest in modern technology and reproduces almost all the qualities and tones of a pipe organ.

In June of 1964, William (Bill) V. Campbell was called as Minister of Music. Dan Vincent followed in a duel capacity of Education and Music. During his ministry, music and drama were brought together in a notable production of "Amal and the Night Visitors." Since then we have maintained the duel staff position with Ray Phillips and our present Minister of Music/Education, Brad Weishaupt. Through the contributions of each of these men and numerous volunteers, we now have a music ministry which features choirs for each age group from Preschool through Adults with an enrollment of 110.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE AT FIRST BAPTIST

The prime reason the Southern Baptist Convention has for its existence is Missions. Through this one unifying force a diverse group of churches in which each one makes its own decisions is brought together under the banner of reaching the world for Christ.

1904 is the first record we have of specific identification of this church with missions. The minutes of the 13th session of the Waccamaw Association show that the Pleasant Home Church was assessed the amount of $10.00 to be paid to Foreign Missions. The amount of $12.69 was paid. They went over the top!

This year our church will give approximately $20,000 to Convention causes. For years the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering for Foreign Missions has been a highlight of the Christmas season. Last year a goal of $2,500 was established and $2,374.36 was received.

Not only have we given money, but more importantly, we have given of self in mission study and prayer and through the sending of missionaries. In 1911 the first Sunbeam band was organized. The ages ranged from 6-16. Mrs. Nina Heniford was the leader and there were 60 members. Later in the year the first Woman's Missionary Society was organized by Mrs. C. H. Snider who was Associational Superintendent.

In 1931 Young Woman's Auxiliary was formed to provide for the study and support of missions among younger women. They were a group filled with activities and fervor for missions.
VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

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THE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE

Centennial Chairman ............................................ Mrs. J.R. Suggs
Decorations Chairman ........................................ Mrs. Bruce Fipps
Program and Music Chairman ................................. Mrs. Ronald Fowler
Secretary and Plate Chairman ............................... Mrs. Dupree Hamilton
Food Chairman .................................................... Mrs. Hoyt Hardee
Hospitality Chairman .......................................... Mr. George Lay
History Chairman ................................................ Mrs. B.J. Milligan
Publicity Chairman .............................................. Mrs. Eston Williams

This year has been a joyful one as we have majored on this our centennial year. Each month we have had a phase of our church life emphasized with many people participating. As our theme "Strength from the Past, Boldness for the Future" has been our goal, we have thought of so many who have gone before us. We have received strength from them, but we must push forward with boldness to carry on the Lord's work. My prayer is that we will examine our own lives and promise to go forward in the days ahead. May I thank each committee member, all the former pastors and ministers of music, our own church members, the Pastor, Minister of Music and Education, and each person who has helped in this time of celebration.

Thelma Suggs
Centennial Chairman

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The Missionary Enterprise at First Baptist

Perhaps early mission groups had as an idol, Miss Lila Florence Watson who had left her native Horry County to travel to the land of Lottie Moon, China. She had been a schoolteacher, but sensed a call to far off lands to carry the Gospel where no ear had heard the name of Jesus.

Miss Watson’s gifts were in the area of translation and writing. She employed these gifts in a lifetime of service. After China closed, she served in Hawaii, Formosa, and Hong Kong. She retired at the Bethea Baptist Home in Darlington and went to be with the Lord in the spring of 1980.

We support the mission enterprise through study and prayer in the hopes that everyone in our world will have the opportunity to know Jesus is the Christ. Today we have 30 enrolled in the program we call “Baptist Women.” Additionally, there are 13 enrolled in the preschool group called “Mission Friends.” Girls in Action and Acteens have 12 girls involved while just this year the Royal Ambassador Program for boys was renewed and is involving 28 boys in the study of missions. Who knows which one of these may feel a call to full-time Christian service in years to come.

In addition to full-time commitment to missions we have some members who have had the opportunity to participate in missions on a short-term basis. In 1968 Dr. Hoyt Housand took his skills in sight correction to South America. As requests come in for mission work using skills possessed by members of First Baptist, it is hoped that more will have a first-hand encounter with missions in years to come.

Today missionary zeal still burns brightly at First Baptist Church. In December of 1962 James and Sylvia Foster were appointed by the Foreign Mission Board and now serve in Germany. From 1959-1962 Rev. Foster was pastor of the church. Archie and Anna Stevens have recently been appointed to serve as missionaries in Brazil where they are doing camp work.
BLACK BAPTIST CHURCHES IN THE LORIS AREA

by
Andean Booth Campbell, Etrulia P. Dozier, and Lessie W. Leggette

(Note: These churches belong to Kingston Lake Association. The historical information comes from the 25th Anniversary Souvenir Bulletin of the Kingston Lake Ushers Convention.)

CEDAR BRANCH BAPTIST CHURCH
Built in 1892 on 4 acres of land donated by Signey Hemingway. A one room Rosenwald School was placed beside the church. The first pastor was Rev. John Jackson; the first deacons, Emery Jackson and Sidney Hemingway; members, Sally Jackson, Queen Green, Essie, Susanna, Drusey, Sarah and Nervey Hemingway. Other pastors have been Solomon Eagles, James Bracken, Anthony T. Graham, George Godboldt, Sidney Hemingway, Homer Bellamy, Tom Bellamy and J. M. Livingston. Church rebuilt in 1960.

FLAG PATCH BAPTIST CHURCH
Said to have been established sometime between 1860 and 1866. During its early days boys and girls were taught to read and write through the Sunday School. Weekly prayer meeting and home mission services were held in order to aid the poor and needy. One of the first churches to affiliate with Kingston Lake Association. Ministers: D. N. Butler, Melvin Vaught, Jessie Faulk, Herbert Livingston, G. W. Watson and L. P. Livingston.

SWEET GUM BAPTIST CHURCH
Established May 1954 on land given by Glenn and Dallie Little.
MITCHELL SEA BAPTIST CHURCH

John P. Derham donated the land and the church was organized August 7, 1916. The first minister was Rev. R. B. M. Hunter. Other ministers were H. H. Wilson, Joe Gore, Frank Griffin and B. P. Stevenson. Deacons were Luther Gause, Horry Johnson, Handy Farmer, Isaiah Macon, Albert Butler and Oliver McQueen. Pink McQueen served as treasurer of the church as well as Sunday School superintendent.

MT. RONA BAPTIST CHURCH

Founded 1904, rebuilt 1951.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, LORIS

Said to be an outgrowth of Mt. Rona, 1965.
WHEN SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WAS IN FLOWER

By Charles Mack Todd

(Third Installment)

SPORTS FUN AND MISCHIEF

As long as there has been history, people have always amused themselves in some way. Down on Brown Swamp there were some sports, fun and mischief. There was deer hunting, turkey hunting, rabbit hunting, squirrel hunting, quail hunting, duck hunting and dove hunting. There were never hunted to display fire arms sports, but for the meat. Ammunition was scarce and most guns were of single barrel muzzle loading type, which was a slow process at the best. Guns were rarely ever fired unless in good shot range and with dead aim. Ducks, quail and doves were usually pot shot. There were no game laws, but none were needed with the type of guns they used at the time. Then too, no one wanted to waste game.

Deer hunting was a good sport, and it was thrilling to hear the dog barking on the trail, to expect the jump and chase, and to wait on the stand with your gun ready to shoot as the running deer approached.

Fox hunting was a fine sport. They were usually chased with a pack of dogs, which sometimes lasted several hours. To a real hunter, the different hounds' barks blending together made real music.

The sport in turkey hunting was to be able to yelp it up and shoot it or roost it and shoot it off of the roost.

Hunting rabbit was usually done with the aid of a dog trailing it until he treed it in a hollow log, hollow stump or sink hole. The rabbit was then chopped out of the hollow or dug out of the hole. If the dog were alone and treed a rabbit in either, the dog usually dug the rabbit out with his claws and teeth.

Big Pete, Willie, Fletcher and Boy Jake had a pack of dogs between them, that were fine. There was Old Redmon, a big red-bone hound, with a bass voice, Old Hooker, a big brindle hound, with a yelping tenor voice, Old Brunner, a big black and white hound, with a fast alto voice and Old Scott, a medium sized black and tan hound, with a high leading voice. There was also, "Yet-I," a little red bench legged fice dog, that was as good to trail and tree rabbit or squirrel as one would hope to find in a life time. Either of these dogs when hunted by themselves was as good a trail or tree dog as a hunter would care to have.

Oft times Big Pete and Willie went still hunting for turkeys. They just took their guns and strolled off into Brown Swamp or its adjacent hammocks, and after finding a desirable spot where they saw sign, sat quietly as a mouse, where some turkey feeding might come in good gun shot range. When a turkey came in gun shot range, there was always meat for the pot, for Big Pete and Willie were both crack shots with either a rifle or shot gun. If no turkey came by feeding while they sat quietly, late in the afternoon, about sun set, they were apt to hear one fly up to roost. When they did, having good trained ears, they coursed it, then silently crept through the swamp, to about the spot where they thought it flew up, all the while looking up in the trees for it. If they failed to find the turkey in the afternoon so they could shoot it off of the roost, they came down the following morning before day, so they could hide themselves and shoot the turkey when it flew off of the roost.

Big Pete and Willie, often went still squirrel hunting too. In the swamp, sitting, standing or creeping early in the morning or late on a still afternoon, they were apt to see a or hear a squirrel, jumping from limb to limb, climbing a tree or shaking a bough, cutting beech mast, magnolia balls, pine burs, hickory nuts or white oak acorns. Patience and quietness made good squirrel hunters of this type. Big Pete and Willie possessed both of these attributes.
But more real sport was found by Big Pete, Willie, Boy Jake, Si and Fletcher, hunting possum and coon with their big pack of dogs, than in any other hunting. This was done in the mid-winter season, when harvest time, cane grinding and hog killing time were past, and the varments furs were better. They hunted these and other varments for their hides as they would bring a few cents each on the fur market. Occasionally they ate a coon or possum (as they called it), not because they especially liked it, but rather for the novelty of it. They often gave a big fat possum to Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma, who cooked it with potatoes, and said, "It sho-am good."

On appointed nights, which were often in season, they met at some designated spot, bringing their dogs, an ax, a gun and such eats as they cared to bring. The ax was used for cutting down the trees in which the varment was treed, if they chose to do so, and for cutting long fat pine splinters to light for a torch. They carried a torch to light their pathway hunting in the woods and to shine the varment's eyes, when once it was treed. They could shine the varment's eyes up in a tree, by the torch bearer waving the torch backward and forth behind him, he standing between the tree and the waving torch, and with all eyes looking up in the tree, some one would spy the varment's eyes shining in the darkness. Once they had shined its eyes, they shot the varment out. But this was less fun to the boys than climbing the tree and shaking the varment out, for when they shook one out alive, the dogs caught the varment and they saw a good fight; therefore they only shot a varment when the tree was too big to climb and shake. If they cut a tree down, they were compelled to hold the dogs lest they run into the path of the falling tree and be killed or injured. So they did not like this manner, for in holding the dog until the tree was felled and then losing them, before they could reach the top of the fallen tree, the varment was apt to be gone and would then have to be treed a second time. But it was quite risky to climb a tree to shake out a varment, for sometimes the dogs treed wild cats, and for a fellow to find himself up in a tree in the darkness in the presence of a big growling wild cat, was something not to be desired by many; however experienced hunters like Big Pete, Willie, Boy Jake, Si and Fletcher, could usually tell by how the hounds trailed before they had treed, what kind of a varment it was.

Boy Jake, being strong in his shoulders and arms and having bowed legs, was almost a professional in climbing trees and shaking varments out; for this reason he did most of the climbing in the hunting party. And when a tree was climbed and the varment shaken out, it fell to the ground amongst the hunters and dogs, and rarely ever escaped.

When Big Pete, Willie, Boy Jake, Si and Fletcher met after supper at the appointed time and place, they sent the dogs off in the woods to hunt while they split long fat pine splinters, kindled a fire, ate peanuts, chewed sugar cane, told jokes, talked of former hunting trips and listened for the bark of the hunting dogs. As soon as they heard the bark of the first dog to bark, they all yelled loudly, "Haysickum," to let the dogs know they were listening. In a few seconds after the bark of the first dog, they could hear the voices of the other three hounds joining in the chase.

Listening to the voices of the trailing hounds, Big Pete was apt to say, "I believe it is a plegged big boar coon, by the way the dogs are trailing."

Willie, listening would say, "Maybe a dad-gum big wild cat, by the way the dogs are covering ground."

Boy Jake, listening, said, "It may be a dog-gone possum. Sounds like he is near the big simmon tree, back of Old Joe Hammer's swamp field."

Fletcher listening, said, "It may be that old big swamp fox, as the dogs are running out of the swamp on the ridge now."

Si, stammering and laughing, said, "Ge-me-ne-Kris-mos. I don't give a hang what they're running, it is music to me."

In a short while those fast hound dogs with all their hunting experience treed the varment, for no varment, however fast it was, could remain on the ground long without being caught. As soon as they had treed, the boys knew it by their barks.
Then with a big bright torch, Big Pete leading with the torch, Willie with an ax, Fletcher with the gun, Boy Jake and Si with sacks to carry the varments and their hides, rapidly made their way to the treeing dogs. As soon as they had reached the tree, they quickly decided the best method of getting the varment in hand. As soon as they had this varment in hands, they sent the dogs off into the woods to hunt and tree another, which was not usually very long, as varments were plentiful and the dogs were experienced and fast. While the dogs treed another, the boys kindled another fire, skinned the varment in hand and listened for the hunting dogs. Such great sport many times lasted until after mid-night, before the party counted the hides and broke-up for the night.

Fishing was a good sport too down on Brown Swamp among the good citizens. They used a pole, line, hook, sinker and cork, when fishing in small streams and gill nets when they fished in the lakes and rivers. When fishing with the pole, hook and line method, they used earth worms, grub worms and sap worms for bait which were always plentiful in some spots. They never fished merely for pastime, but for the meat.

Big Pete, Willie and Boy Jake spent many happy afternoons fishing in the deep black holes down in Brown Swamp, catching blue brem, red bellies, waw mouths, pikes and jacks. Coming home about sundown with a big catch, these big friendly families would assemble at one of their homes and go in for a real fish fry supper, that always kept them up much later than their usual bed-time hour.

But the greatest day of sports in this wonderful friendly Brown Swamp community was the day that school broke up. This was usually about the last of February when the short term at High Hill ended.

It was a warm day in the last of February when the term ended, that Big Pete, Roxie, Willie, Charity, Elizabeth, Fletcher, Nora, Boy Jake and Si knew would be their last term, for they were all grown now, and in those days students did not graduate from rural schools but just quit when grown manhood and womanhood overtook them. They had attended every term of school at High Hill with practically the same books and the same teacher, Nathan Hale. Now they had become thorough in all their subjects. About every day spent in school held precious memories for them—and to now know that it was coming to an end, gave them grief, but they all looked forward to the "breaking-up" and made much preparation to make this their best one.

Each year since they had entered their teens, Big Pete, Willie, Roxie and Elizabeth had been the winners in either or both the contests, the "spelling bee," the hundred yard dash, the running broad jump and in the two hops and jump. In the "spelling bee," Elizabeth won it the most times, however, Willie and Roxie had both had this honor several times. But in the outdoor contests, Big Pete had almost always been the winner in each of these contests. As they knew this was their last term of school, they each were desirous to win; so they spent much time in preparation both at home and at school for these contests.

The spelling bee contest came first on the program. In this, one after the other went down, until there were only Willie and Elizabeth left, who were lovers and did not care to offend the other, but in this contest, they must do their best. On and on they spelled word after word. When it looked like neither would win, Willie missed the word of the thing he had worn around his neck the most of his life, "assafoetida." Elizabeth spelled the word and was declared the winner, for which almost every one present seemed glad.

This content being over, they all went out of the school house for the other contests.

First came the two hops and jump contest. When they had tried and had done their best, Big Pete had won by beating Willie an inch. Next came the running broad jump. One by one each contestant tried. Big Pete came last doing his best but Willie had beaten him by two inches. Then came the hundred yard dash. The racers all lined up in the road and Nathan Hale, the teacher, counted, one, two, three, and they all took off. In this Willie outran Big Pete by several feet, which greatly surprised the crowd,
as Big Pete had always won these contests for many years. The crowd cheered. Elizabeth was so glad that she wanted to hug Willie and Roxie did. The women seeing this all said, "Ah-h-h-h-h.

To lose made Big Pete feel badly, who had been the winner for many times. Even though the crowd cheered for Willie, they too were sad because Big Pete had lost, for he was so big, strong and honorable that he was held in the highest esteem by everyone in this big friendly community.

Even though Big Pete was always kind and fair in all his dealings, he was always up for some fun. Once, when he, Willie, Fletcher, Si, Boy Jake and several other boys were returning from the old swimming hole, all of them walking except Tom Nicholas, who was riding his pony, Big Pete became annoyed at this as did all the other boys. When they were walking under the branches of a turkey oak, up in the branches of which a hive of black wild honey bees had perched after the tree in which they were housed was cut to rob them of their honey, Big Pete threw a rose combed litewood knot up into the hive of perched bees, that were already angry. When the knot hit them, most of them fell off of the limb and landed upon Tom and his pony. Well, you can imagine what happened when the angry bees fell on Tom and his pony and began stinging them. The pony took off down the road as fast as it could run, almost throwing Tom.

Once when the boys were walking again, coming from church, Dennie Furman was riding his father's mule colt. Big Pete tired of this as did the other boys. As they passed by a slash pine, Big Pete picked up a hard thorny bur, lifted the colt's tail and laid it up under its tail. Instantly the colt clamped down on the bur. The bur began pricking the colt and it took off down the road as fast as it could run; thus they got rid of the rider.

Once when Boss Roberts was holding his girl friend's hand across a branch while walking a foot log, Big Pete knowing he was "goosy," goosed him in the ribs. Instantly he jumped off of the log into knee deep water.

The boys of this Brown Swamp community had the most fun imaginable in their old big swimming hole. They usually went swimming on Saturday afternoon when the weather was warm. In this way they could get their week end bath. You know in those days, everyone took a bath on the week end when the weather was warm whether they needed it or not. There were no bath tubs nor running water, in those days, unless it was running in a stream.

Great crowds of boys came to this big swimming hole. They wore the kind of bathing suits they were born with. They practiced swimming, diving and playing gator. To play gator, one had to go down to the bottom and crawl around on his belly like an alligator. All of the boys tried but none were very good at this, except Big Pete.

Occasionally, one of the boys brought a watermelon to the swimming hole to play with in the water. Soon Big Pete would take it away from him, go down to the bottom of the deep hole and bury it in the sand. While they swam the watermelon would get cool buried in the sand in the bottom of the big, deep, cool swimming hole. As none of the other boys could go down and get the watermelon, when Big Pete thought it sufficiently cooled, he went down and got the melon. After he had brought it to the surface of the water, he treading the water, peeled the watermelon as though it were an orange. When he had peeled the melon, he began eating it and spitting the seed through his teeth. If any came near him attempting to take the melon, he put his big strong hand on their heads and stuck them under the water. Even in all this, Big Pete did it all in fun, and would not hurt any boy or let another boy hurt another one, if he could possibly prevent it. When he had had enough fun, he gave the melon to its owner. Should anyone attempt to leave the swimming hole before it was time for the party to break up, Big Pete threw dry sand on him, dirtying his body so that he was compelled to go back into the water to wash the sand off.
PICNICING

Almost all people of every clime from primitive man until today have had some form of recreation and association to feast and enjoy themselves. In the South in the time of this story, human fellowship, friendship and associations were very closely attached to the home, school and church. But besides these they had many other harmless amusements such as picnics and parties. Even down in the Brown Swamp community, these existed.

Down on the Little Pee Dee River, which was the west boundary of the Brown Swamp Community, many picnics were held. When it was a "Fourth of July Picnic," for everybody, it was held at Hughe's Landing on the Little Pee Dee, but when it was a family picnic, it was usually held at Jordan's Lake.

The picnic here discussed was held at Jordan's Lake up in May by the families of Captain Jim, Uncle Henry and Negro John. At this time of the year the crops were planted and growing fast as it was now warm weather. Because the past winter had been a cold one and the spring cold and blustry, such that it had not been suitable for picnicing since the previous fall of the year, these old patriarchs loving their families as they did, decided the third Saturday afternoon in May that the following Thursday, they would have a picnic with their families at Jordan's Lake.

At noon on Wednesday, the men folk of these families ceased work and got together to go and camp at Jordan's Lake that night and fish. The woemn folk were to stay at home and prepare baskets and drive down on tomorrow for the fish fry at the lake.

Captain Jim, Alva, Uncle Henry, Willie, Negro John, Big Pete and Fletcher made themselves ready for the camping trip. They got themselves blankets, nets, poles, hooks, lines, some worms for bait, some meal, lard, coffee, preserves, salt, ax and fishing gourd (almost every family had big handy gourds, large enough for storing a big mess of fish or several dozen eggs packed in cotton seed and set in a warm spot to keep them from freezing, in real cold weather), and packed them to the lake. Yes, they were strong men accustomed to hard work and long walks, so they thought nothing of walking five miles to Jordan's Lake and packing the necessary utensils for a camping trip. Already they had boats and oars at the lake, so they walked that the teams might rest for the afternoon and be fresh for the women folk to drive down to the lake tomorrow.

They took a good steady gait each one packing his share of the supplies and arrived at the lake by mid-afternoon. Immediately Captain Jim began picking up some dry leaves and dead sticks for kindling a fire. Uncle Henry and Negro John began looking around for some good wood to bring into the camp. Big Pete and Willie unrolled the nets, put them into the boat, rowed out into the lake and let them down. Alva and Fletcher began fishing with poles and lines.

Before sun set they had fished the nets once with a fine catch. Fletcher and Alva had had fine luck with their poles and lines, so they already had caught plenty for supper and had quite a few left in the big gourds for tomorrow.

Before candle light time they had filled themselves on good fried fish, corn bread, black coffee and preserves. They now settled down around the camp fire for a good visit, telling tales of other fishing trips and quenching their thirst on river water. This was a pretty sight to see these three God-fearing men and their kin sitting around this camp fire. There was no swearing or profanity in this camp, for these three old patriarchs were as clean in spirit and thought as the Disciples were when the Master prepared them some bread and fish by a lake once. These young men had never acquired the habit of using profanity nor swearing. In those days, even evil men, when sober, would not swear or use profanity, in the presence of children, women, ministers of the Gospel or God-fearing people, and it was almost an unknown thing for women to engage in such. Youth had such respect for age that they were careful what they did and said in their presence.
Before they unrolled their blankets for their night's sleep, Big Pete and Willie fished the nets again getting another good catch. They now had all of their big groups full of tomorrow.

When they had rolled up in their blankets for the night, no one went to sleep immediately, or slept very sound thereafter, because they had drunk too much black coffee and river water. Captain Jim, Uncle Henry and Negro John had spent many nights here before camping. It was not new to them to lie on their bunks and look at the millions of twinkling stars in the vast heavens above them. Looking up, they viewed the Milky Way, Job's Coffin, The Seven Stars and the Dipper. Here they could think of the greatness of their Creator and admire His handiwork. Here they were inspired to breath a prayer of thanks and praise to their Creator for His goodness to their families, their growing crops, their stock, for their neighbors and for their enemies.

The boys had spent less time here camping out than Captain Jim, Uncle Henry and Negro John had, but every time spent here had been a pleasant time to them. Here Big Pete thought of Eunice, for it was not far across the river to where she lived. He and Roxie had made several trips across the river to see Eunice and Yollie, but these trips had not changed Big Pete's love for Elizabeth nor Roxie's for Willie. Willie looked up at the stars and thought of Elizabeth, while she at home was dreaming of him and calling him in her sleep. Roxie at home had retired thinking of tomorrow. She had fallen asleep thinking of the night Willie had taught her to play the banjo and dreamed that she was enjoying it again. Fletcher viewed the greatness of God's beautiful creation in the millions of twinkling stars and thought only of Charity, while she lay sleepless at home wishing for a hasty coming tomorrow.

Some sound sleep for them all soon ushered in another day. On the river they were fishing their nets, and back home they were hitching up and taking off for the river. By mid-morning the women and children arrived at the river. Every one was glad they were all there.

Enough fish had been caught for dinner, but Roxie, Elizabeth, Charity and some of the other women folk wanted to try their luck at fishing; so they were soon pulling in big blue bream and red bellies, Big Pete, Willie and Fletcher assisting them. Captain Jim, Uncle Henry and Negro John cleaned the fish. Uncle Alfred split wood to fry them, Miss Lula, Aunt Ann, Aunt Frona and Aunt Emma got the salt, pepper, meal, lard and frying pan, and soon the smell of good fish frying made them all hungry. It was not long until the fish were fried, the corn bread cooked and the coffee made. All the good food prepared at home and brought in the baskets and that prepared at the river was soon spread on a table made on the ground of boards and covered with table cloths. Around this table these three neighborly families sat down to eat as one family. After Captain Jim said grace they all feasted. What one could not reach from where he sat, it was passed to him.

Soon dinner was over and everything was packed up to go home. Roxie, tomboy that she was, persuaded Elizabeth and Charity to go boat riding with her. She was rowing the boat nicely when suddenly the boat hit a log that was just under the surface of the water. This frightened them, causing them to lunge to the side of the boat. This capsized the boat and as none of them could swim, they were immediately in need of help. Big Pete, Willie and Fletcher standing on the bank seeing all this, immediately went to their aid. Big Pete got to Elizabeth first and grabbed her, Willie grabbed Roxie and Fletcher grabbed Charity and in a short time brought them ashore. The girls were frightened and wet, their clothes sticking tightly to them showing their pretty forms, but they were quickly wrapped in blankets and all was well.

This was enough for the old folks in one day, so they took off for home carrying precious memories of another family picnic.

THE SICK AND THE DEAD

Down on Brown Swamp, when Southern Hospitality flowered, if any one were sick or in need, the sick were nursed and the need supplied. At some time or other almost every family had needed a helping hand, which was always supplied.
One of the most beloved citizens of the community, Uncle Cary Edmonds, was taken down with typhoid fever just after he had pulled and housed his fodder. Uncle Cary and Aunt Eula had never had any children of their own but had always lavished affections on all the children of the community, some more than others. Uncle Cary had made and given to some child he liked a little rocking chair to make it happy. Many of them were grown now for Uncle Cary was getting up in years. Now that he was sick, everyone in the community was anxious to do his turn nursing him, and he had to be nursed a long time too, for typhoid is a long slow blistering fever.

On Saturday Captain Jim came and looked his crops over and saw that the cane needed plowing and hoeing, the late potatoes needed laying by and the early corn needed to be gathered so that the fattening hogs could be turned in on it and the peas. The following day, Sunday, at church he made this announcement, so the next day, Monday was set for a "working" over at Uncle Cary's.

Early Monday, Negro John, Big Pete, Uncle Henry, Willie, Boy Jake, Si, Neal Thomas and his boys, Sol Toll, Fletcher and Neal Caustic, came over to Uncle Cary's bringing horses, mules, hoes and plows. Monday, they hoed and plowed the sugar cane; Tuesday, they laid by the late patch of potatoes and Wednesday, they housed the early patch of corn and turned the fattening hogs in on the peas.

While the men folk were doing this work, Elizabeth, Roxie, Charity and Lottie came over and cooked dinner for the men folk, laundered everything that needed laundering, scrubbed the floors spotless, swept the yards clean and helped Aunt Eula nurse Uncle Cary. Uncle Cary seeing all this work being done by his neighbors freely for him, was so elated that he could not refrain from weeping. This was the first time in Uncle Cary's life that he had ever been sick for more than a day or so at a time. Though he was tall and thin he had always been strong and healthy. We was a wonderful workman and a good provider.

For more than sixty days, Dr. Goolsby came twice a week to see Uncle Cary, treating him for this dreaded fever, while his neighbors sat up with him at night, taking turns nursing him. Dr. Goolsby always came driving a spirited horse hitched to a single seated buggy. Aunt Eula, Uncle Cary and those who happened to be nursing Uncle Cary were always glad to see him, for he came smiling and bringing cheer. Dr. Goolsby was now past fifty, tall, erect, and with graying beard and mustache that he kept well groomed.

Always, he came, the horse trotting fast. Near the front gate he stopped, quickly stepped down on the ground, tied his horse to the fence, quickly entered the front gate and hurriedly walked up the front door steps into the house, rapidly making his way towards Uncle Cary's bed room. Before he had reached the bed room, he had said, "Good Morning, Eula."

Aunt Eula, "Good morning, Dr. Goolsby."
Dr. Goolsby, "Good morning, Willie."
Willie, "Good morning, Dr. Goolsby."
Dr. Goolsby, "Good morning, Elizabeth."
Elizabeth, "Good morning, Dr. Goolsby."
Dr. Goolsby, "Good morning, Roxie."
Roxie, "Good morning, Dr. Goolsby."
Dr. Goolsby, "Good morning, Pete."
Big Pete, "Good morning, Dr. Goolsby."

Dr. Goolsby had spoken to all these people before he entered Uncle Cary's bed room, for they were looking for and expecting him. They all followed him as he entered Uncle Cary's bed room.

As he entered, he said, "How are you feeling today, Cary?"
"Feeling a little better, Doctor. Seems like the fever is leaving me a little," Uncle Cary said.

Dr. Goolsby sat down in one of Uncle Cary's big home made comfortable chairs by the bed side. He laid his big clean hand on Uncle Cary's forehead. Holding it there for a minute, he said, "I don't think you have much fever today."
He then took him by the wrist and counted his pulse for a moment, saying, "Yes, that is better today." He then looked at his tongue, pulled his lower eye lid down and looked for a moment, and said, "Yes, Cary, you are about to miss the fever. I think it will be gone in a few days. You will have to be careful not to eat anything heavy, stick to your butter milk and drink plenty of it. I think when I return in about five days your fever will be gone and then I will give you something a little stronger to eat."

Uncle Cary, with a weak voice said, (for he had been sick with fever more than fifty days) "Thank you, Dr. Goosby. You all have been so good to me for so long. I sometime wonder, if I deserve it."

Dr. Goolsby said, "Oh yes Cary, you deserve everything we have done for you. I wish we could have done more. Some day we will be able to kill this fever in a day or two."

Dr. Goolsby looking around at Elizabeth and Roxie standing there as pretty and clean as they could be said, "Cary, any man ought to improve with these pretty things for nurses."

Uncle Cary smiled saying, "They have been mighty good to me. It don't seem but yesterday when they were little girls and I made them a little rocking chair and gave it to them."

Elizabeth and Roxie blushed.

Then Dr. Goolsby said, "Look here at Willie--fine looking scamp with that black mustache. He looks like a Spanish Cavalryman." Dr. Goolsby went on saying, "And here is Big Pete, big fine looking scamp--big enough to take us on his back and tote us across the Swamp. Seems but yesterday when you were both little boys."

Turning to Uncle Cary, Dr. Goolsby said, "Cary, I must be going. If you need me, send for me on the fastest horse in the community."

Dr. Goolsby rushed out of the house, and getting into his buggy, he left as hurriedly as he came.

Sure enough as Dr. Goolsby had said, in a few days, Uncle Cary missed the fever and Dr. Goolsby gave him a stronger diet. He began putting on weight and it seemed that he was on the road to a complete recovery.

From the time that Uncle Cary was taken down with fever until the time he was able to sit up, it was more than seventy days. During all this time, Captain Jim, Negro John, Uncle Henry, Sol Toll and the boys, had looked after and cared for Uncle Cary's crops and stock like it was their own. They had dug the potatoes and banked them, had fattened the hogs, killed them and cured the meat, ground the cane and made the syrup and had gathered the cotton and corn. While the men folk had done this, Elizabeth, Roxie, Charity and some of the other women folk helping them, had helped Aunt Eula do all the house work and nurse Uncle Cary, making it easy for her. Since Uncle Cary got sick, the late summer and autumn had passed by and it was cold wintry weather.

Uncle Cary was seemingly improving so fast that he and Aunt Eula were living alone again. One cold night he had a hard shaking chill and a high fever rose. The same night, Big Pete, Willie, Si, Fletcher and Boy Jake were hunting in the neighborhood. They noticed a light over at Uncle Cary's, and it being past bed time, they went over to the house to investigate. When they arrived, they found Aunt Eula in tears working over Uncle Cary, trying to cool his high fever and ease his aching body. They found that Uncle Cary's fever had gone so high that he was lapsing into unconsciousness.

As Big Pete, Willie and the other boys drew near the bedside, Uncle Cary roused, looking at Big Pete, he said, "Get Dr. Goolsby."

Willie stayed with Aunt Eula, Fletcher, Boy Jake and Si went out as fast couriers, carrying the news throughout the community, and Big Pete, big and strong like he was, ran home as swiftly as a savage Indian, where he awoke his family and broke the news to them. He then saddled his fast mare, Fairchild (a big mare with flax mane and tail) and went for Dr. Goolsby like Paul Revere rode on that historic night.
In forty minutes, Big Pete had ridden that ten miles and had awakened Dr. Goolsby. As there had been a big rain and the streams were swollen and the ground frozen, Big Pete informed Dr. Goolsby that he had better go horse back. Soon Dr. Goolsby was astride the big black horse riding like a cold north wind.

Big Pete wiped the sweat off of his pretty saddle mare, Fairchild, and when he had mounted her, he had to hold back on the reins to keep her from keeping up with Dr. Goolsby's big pacer, Dan.

In less than two hours from the time the coon hunting boys found Uncle Cary seriously ill, Captain Jim, Miss Eula, Elizabeth, Negro John, Aunt Frona, Roxie, Uncle Henry, Aunt Ann, Charity, Aunt Jone, Aunt Betsey, Boy Jake, Sol Toll and many others had gathered at Uncle Cary's on this cold night.

They were all so uneasy about Uncle Cary's condition, that they tip-toed about quietly, wishing for Dr. Goolsby, but felt sure that enough time had not elapsed for him to arrive. However, their uneasiness was relieved when up the road towards Conway, they heard the big pacing feet of old Dan, Dr. Goolsby's big black fast horse, rapidly hitting the frozen ground in clanking tones. He was some two miles away when they first heard him, but in less than five minutes he dashed up to the gate at Uncle Cary's and stood still. When Dr. Goolsby had dismounted, he got his saddle bags, while Willie tied the big horse and held the gate open for him.

Dr. Goolsby rushed to Uncle Cary's bedside, seeing his condition, high fever and difficult breathing, he sounded his chest, listening closely for some time, then with sadness, he shook his head, and said, "Pneumonia." He then wished that he had something to conquer this dreaded killer quickly. With the aid of Aunt Janie, he tried mustard plasters, a turpentine blister and then wrapped his body in a flannel cloth that had been soaked in a mixture of tar, suet and camphor.

For a little while these home remedies seemed to help Uncle Cary and his breathing seemed easier. It was now well past mid-night and his friends tiptoed around his bed, whispering, keeping a big fire going in the fire place, drinking black coffee, everyone watching Uncle Cary and praying for his recovery. Dr. Goolsby sat by his bed, with chin in his hand, watching, hating to lose his old friend whom he had brought through a recent long illness.

As he watched Uncle Cary, the neighbors saw signs of uneasiness seize Dr. Goolsby. Then they noticed that Uncle Cary was breathing harder. The doctor knew that he was dying and could not last many hours for he was a man now well along in years, already weakened from a recent illness, and now the giant killer "pneumonia" had seized him in both lungs. As Dr. Goolsby kept constant watch, listening at his chest and feeling his pulse, his friends, some weeping, kept constant watch, while Uncle Cary was growing weaker.

About daylight, Uncle Cary roused, opened his eyes, looked at Dr. Goolsby and Aunt Eula and said just above a whisper, "Thank you. I must go. The angels are coming for me."

He then lay quiet and still. In a few minutes, about the time the sun arose bleeding red, Uncle Cary's spirit slipped away with the angels to a country of perpetual bliss, while his friends and kin stood by helpless to hinder the ordeal.

Now that he was dead, they must make hasty preparations to bury him, as there were no undertakers to embalm and care for the dead. Captain Jim, Uncle Henry, Negro John, Big Pete and Willie laid him out. Early in the morning, Captain Jim, Negro John and Neal Caustic went into Uncle Cary's workshop, and with his own tools and lumber made him a coffin and a bog. Uncle Henry and Willie drove to Conway to get some black satin, some white satin and Uncle Cary a suit. Big Pete rode across the country to another community to inform the circuitrider pastor, the Reverend David Harrison. Roxie and Elizabeth went over to Captain Jim's to card cotton bats and make a soft pad to go in the bottom of Uncle Cary's coffin. They loved him so, and though they knew that his spirit had gone to rest, they wanted a soft pad for his thin body to lie upon, while it mouldered in the ground. The rest of the good women tried to console Aunt Eula and do the things that needed to be done around the house at a time like this.
Before night fall the coffin and box were made, Roxie and Elizabeth had made the pad, Uncle Henry and Willie had arrived with the black sateen, white satin and Uncle Cary's suit, and the Reverend Harrison had arrived. At his coming, his saintly presence made them think that they were treading on holy ground.

By lamp light Elizabeth and Roxie covered the coffin with the black sateen and lined the inside with the white satin and trimmed it with lace they had knit themselves. When the coffin was finished, Reverend Harrison, Captain Jim and Negro John washed and dressed Uncle Cary and put him in the coffin. When he was in the coffin, Elizabeth combed his hair and beard.

Early the next day, Boy Jake, Si and Uncle Alfred dug the grave behind old Pleasant Hill church, amidst the graves of those who had been buried in by-gone days. This was one day that Si was too somber to laugh, and Uncle Alfred thought of the ghosts that might be loitering around.

It was a cold sad day that day in the Brown Swamp community, when the funeral procession, mules and wagons, horses and carriages and those that went walking took the road that led from Uncle Cary's across Brown Swamp to the grave yard.

At the grave side, the Reverend Harrison preached the funeral, standing near the coffin, on which was laid a wreath of roses that Elizabeth, Roxie and Charity had made. It was a sad hour and many audibly wept. Reverend Harrison read from the Bible, "Man that is born of woman is but of few days and them full of trouble." He praised him for his great saintly life in the community and for his faithfulness to the church.

Amidst convulsive weeping, Big Pete, Negro John, Captain Jim, Fletcher, Willie and Boy Jake, lowered the coffin into the grave, where he was soon covered with a smooth made mound of earth.

Aunt Eula, who had spent a life time with Uncle Cary, now that he was gone, refused to be comforted. The best efforts of her many friends and neighbors to do so seemed to be fruitless. In less than one year she gave up the ghost and her spirit went to be with him.

Yes, in the South when southern hospitality flowered, neighbors and friends cared for the sick and the dead, most of them dying like Uncle Cary, not suddenly, but being taken to bed sick and having time to think, to talk with their friends and to die in peace.

SUNDAY

In the South, when southern hospitality was in bloom, before Sunday came, much preparation was made for it. On Saturday all the wood was cut and brought in, the corn was shucked for the stock, the vegetables were gathered, the chickens cleaned, all cakes and pies were cooked, the yards were swept clean and all other necessary steps were taken to bring work to a minimum on Sunday.

There was no fishing, hunting or picnicing on Sunday. This was a day set aside for rest, visitation and worship. Sunday was the day that most young people did their courting, usually at the young lady's home or on the road to and from church. At home in the parlor was where most love was made. In those days too, travel was so slow that it was impossible for one to pass as a gentleman in his own community, and then in an hour's time drive fifty miles to another county and be a rascal.

Down on Brown Swamp on Sunday when the circuit rider was not there, Sunday School was usually held about the middle of the afternoon. After the Sunday School hour, it was customary for the young folk to go to some home for a social gathering, the most of which time was spent singing. More of these social gatherings were held at Negro John's than at any other home, because the Brewton family were all good singers, they had a good organ and Lottie could play it beautifully.

One Sunday afternoon, shortly after Uncle Cary had been buried, Charity, Fletcher, Elizabeth, Willie, Si, and Nora and Boy Jake went home with Roxie and Big Pete for one of those social gatherings. This was a jolly good crowd. Si was usually the lone wolf, having no regular girl, but he was the life of the party because everything was so funny to him that he almost continuously laughed and kept almost everyone else laughing, too. He was also a good singer, especially singing solos, that is if he could keep
from laughing long enough. As for Nora and Boy Jake, they never sang enough to be good singers. Then too much of the time, they had something else on their minds besides singing. As for Big Pete, his bass has never had but few equals. Lottie's alto also was unsurpassed. Roxie could sing either beautiful soprano or alto. Willie was never beaten singing tenor. As for Elizabeth, she was the most beautiful soprano singer one would find in a life time of travel.

When they were gathered in the parlor at Negro John's, singing those old spiritual airs, the concord of sweet sound reached such a peak that heaven seemed to come down. It was then that Negro John's religious fervor glowed so that he got his old big family Bible and came into their midst, to interrupt the singing long enough to read a chapter to call them to their knees in prayer.

Once in their midst, he would open the big book and in a choked voice would read to them from the book, stopping here and there to explain a passage and to advise them. When he had finished reading, he called them to their knees and prayed for them collectively and individually, entreating God to be merciful to them and to love them freely and lead them in the paths of righteousness for His name sake. Negro John had done this so many times that these young people looked forward to it with great expectancy, and their lives were greatly enriched by it. Few have ever used more Christian endeavor at anytime than did Negro John amongst these young people.

It was past bedtime when the party broke up and Willie and Elizabeth, Fletcher and Charity and Boy Jake and Nora left Negro John's for home in the dark. Boy Jake and Nora left alone to cross the swamp at the crossing near Aunt Betsey's. But it meant nothing for them to be alone even in the dark for they had spent much time alone since that day they came from school, when they went the limit. The day that Roxie wrestled Willie down, that Big Pete took her across his knee and spanked her, and that Big Pete carried Elizabeth across the swamp in his big strong arms. Willie and Elizabeth and Fletcher and Charity followed the road that led towards Captain Jim's. They walked near each other until they came to the forks of the road, where the road turned to cross the swamp near Uncle Henry's. Here Fletcher and Charity turned to go to Uncle Henry's. Now they were alone and so was Willie and Elizabeth. It did not mean much for Fletcher and Charity to be alone, for they were often alone, because there was no rivalry in their courtship as there was in Willie's and Elizabeth's, for Big Pete and Roxie often interfered in their courtship.

When Charity and Fletcher took the road alone towards Uncle Henry's, they were soon embracing and kissing, for they had done this often being unmolested. But it was different with Willie and Elizabeth, for Big Pete and Roxie had often hindered their romance. Now that they too were alone on the road going towards Captain Jim's, they were glad, for ever since the day that Roxie had wrestled Willie down and Elizabeth had allowed Big Pete to take her in his arms and carry her across the swamp, they had been carrying some unconfessed jealousy in their hearts. Elizabeth wanted to be passionate and bold and let Willie take her in his arms, and Willie wanted to do this more than anything else. Tonight they wished this more than ever. Willie took her by the hand and pulled her a little closer. For this she was glad. When he pulled her a little closer, he put his arms around her. As badly as she wanted him to do this she shied away. Then she was afraid that he would not do it again, but she fondly hoped that he would. Again Willie put his arm around her and held her so closely and tightly that they could hardly walk. Her heart beat faster as she yielded to his embrace. Willie too was excited, but when he caught his breath, he said, "Elizabeth, you are so beautiful and I love you so much that you mean everything to me."

Elizabeth pulled away and said, "Are you sure?"
Willie said, "Sure I am sure. Why not."
Elizabeth said, "How about Roxie?"
Willie said, "Oh, Roxie is alright, but I don't want her, I want you."
Elizabeth said, "It sure does not look like it some time. You remember, don't you?"
Willie said, "Oh I can't help how she acts towards me. But since you have brought the subject up, how about Big Pete?"

This question silenced Elizabeth for a moment, for she remembered that Big Pete had been trying to lavish affections on her and that she had not resisted them all. Elizabeth said, "Oh Willie, now that we are alone, let's not quarrel about Big Pete and Roxie."

Willie took her in his arms again. This time her womanly passion for him was aroused and she did not resist. She yielded to him and their embrace was mutual and for the first time in their lives their lips met.

This experience was so exciting to them that they held each other for some time, trembling, hearing each other's heart say, "I love you."

Now that they were nearing Captain Jim's and their love passion was greatly aroused, they clung to each other whispering words of endearment.

When Willie again kissed Elizabeth good night at the gate that night and he left for home in the darkness and she went into the house, they both felt surer of their standing with each other. (Pages 82-113)

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Top left, old gas pump in the Bailey yard.
Top right, corn sheller.
Bottom left, churn and crock.
Bottom right, renovated Tabor City depot now located at home of Jean and Ted Dozier, Fox Bay Road, Loris.
From top left, counterclockwise: Bill Long presents the Confederation's Certificate of Merit to President Carlisle Dawsey. Althea Heniford, who organized the spring tour, helps her plate at the long table. A cornsheller from the Bailey collection. A copper applesauce kettle and shoe last in the Bailey collection. Carlisle Dawsey stands in the HCHS booth at the spring show of the Horry County Homebuilders Association in Myrtle Beach Convention Center.
The Confederation of South Carolina Local Historical Societies

Recognizes the Outstanding Achievement of

The Horry County Historical Society

For

Progress

in gathering, publishing and preserving Horry County history

April 16, 1982

Horry County Historical Society received an award at the annual Landmark Conference. There is good reason to be proud of this because it was won in competition with all the historical societies of the state. Members should realize that the award was given for outstanding work by Mrs. Aleen Harper who has kept complete and attractive scrapbooks of the activities of HCHS from its beginning, by Mrs. Catherine Lewis for the index of all the quarterlies, and the IRQ staff for the work done to produce the magazine.--E. R. McIver, editor.